

Encounter in the Night

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Encounter in the Night

Disclaimer: I don't own Star Wars. George Lucas does (too bad). I'm not making any money off this story. However, the character of Jenna Sinclair/Shadow, the Starlight Cafe, Myrdros, and the creation of the Corellian iced caf belong to me. You want another Jenna Sinclair romance story, read Date With Wes Janson. Bolians belong to ST:TNG.

Synopsis: Luke Skywalker meets a mysterious woman, but will he ever find out who she is? Warning: extreme romance.

Inspiration: Thanks to Ricky Martin for the songs "Spanish Eyes" and "You Stay With Me," both which inspired this story.

Songs: The songs mentioned above are included in the story and belong to Ricky Martin, as well as the song Be Careful (Cuidado Con Mi Corazon).

word [indicates emphasis of word] [indicates thoughts]

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Title: Encounter in the Night

Laughter and music drifted across the Starlight Cafe, but Jenna Sinclair felt so isolated from everybody else that she might as well have been three thousand light-years from the cafe. she thought.

Living up to its name, the cafe had tiny strings of lights strung up along the ceiling in random fashion, simulating a night sky. Soft blue lamps were spaced regularly along the walls, providing slightly more illumination, but not enough to ruin the illusion provided by the other lights. Jenna sat at one of the tables, nursing a Corellian iced caf. Her quarry had not yet arrived. Impatient, she took another

sip from her cup. "Shadow?" came the soft query from the miniature comlink nestled in her ear. "Has he arrived?" She shook her head, belatedly realizing the undercover stormtrooper could not see her gesture. "No," she whispered to Trhin Voss'n't. She glanced at the entrance. "He hasn't appeared yet." "Keep me informed," was the curt response. "Delta One out." She brushed a stray strand of her dark hair out of her eyes. Normally blond, her hair had been dyed for the sake of the mission, as well as covering her emerald eyes with dark brown contacts. Jenna Sinclair was a cover name, but it was as close to a real, permanent name as she could claim for herself. Frustration and impatience surged through her, but she kept them in check. she realized. She was the Empire's top intelligence agent and assassin, answering only to Palpatine and Darth Vader. Known only as Shadow, a code name she personally chose, she had access to resources and sources no one else had. As few as there were who knew of her existence, there were even fewer who knew she was a Sith, trained by Darth Vader. Sith she may have been, but she still had a conscience. It was what had made her turn traitor against the Empire, becoming a double agent, feeding the Rebels information. _ she reminded herself.

She and Voss'n't had been personally ordered by Vader, who had direct orders from the Emperor, that a renegade commando had stolen information important to the Empire, and wished to turn it over to the Rebellion and join the Rebels. Based on their information, Crix Madine was supposed to meet his contact here tonight. It would be a clever victory for the Empire, killing two TIEs with one shot by capturing both Madine and his Alliance contact, thus eliminating all Rebel activity here on Myrddos. Bored, Shadow looked around the room, crowd-watching. she marveled. Duros, Bothans, Ithorians . . . A Bolian getting himself quietly drunk . . . A Diamalan getting into a fight with an Ishori. Shadow snorted. she thought sarcastically. She sighed. Patience might be a virtue, but she was running out of it fast. _

_ * * * * * _

_ Luke Skywalker sighed as he watched Han and the various assorted Rebels, including most of Rogue Squadron, celebrate the end of the Death Star over Yavin 4. Laughter predominated as the sound among the Rebels, but the music managed to make itself heard from time to time. Those Rebels who didn't want to participate in the bad-joke-telling contest Wes Janson had started, either took part in spirited but friendly discussions, or spun around on the dance floor with a partner they had asked, either from among the Rebels, or among the caf's other patrons. He didn't know any really bad jokes, nor did he have the heart to join one of the discussions. The death of Obi-wan Kenobi weighed too heavily on his mind still. He sat at a table, apart from the others, yet close enough to hear what one of them shouted at him if they did. He looked around at the crowd in the cafe, wondering how so many people could fit themselves in this small caf, and yet still it seemed uncrowded. His eyes accidentally met those of a young woman who was doing the same thing he was. Startled, he blinked. Her reaction was the exact opposite. She glared at him, fire in her brown eyes. He dropped eye contact quickly, as if those flames could burn him. Intrigued, he stole a look at her when he was sure she had turned away. She was slender, possessed of striking, if not beautiful features. "Found someone you're interested in?" a voice asked from behind him. Luke twisted around to see who it was. "Han!" he said, smiling. He gestured at the seat opposite him. Han Solo shook his head. "No thanks, kid. I have to get back before it's my turn to tell a joke." He made a "come with me" gesture with his hand.

Luke rose and followed him warily. he wondered. Surprised, he saw they were headed towards the young woman's table. Luke tried to turn around, but Han grabbed his arm and hauled him over. The young woman blinked her eyes in surprise at the appearance of the two men, then narrowed in anger. Her hand crept towards her blaster. "Now wait a minute," Han said placatingly, putting his hands up. "My friend here just wanted to ask you for a dance, but he was too shy. Right, Luke?" Luke felt his jaw drop, but immediately closed his mouth when he felt the woman's stare. _ he vowed, the decidedly un-Jedilike thought bringing a guilty satisfaction. * * * * * _

_ Jenna stared at the blond man, trying to figure out what the heck he saw in her that would make him want to dance with her. Especially with the not-so-subtle threat she had bestowed on both of the men before. Surprised, before she even had time to think about it, she said, "Sure, I'd love to." A shy smile appeared on the blond man's face, and a sly one on the other man's. "Well, you two enjoy yourself," the darker-haired man said. He slipped away into the crowd, leaving the two of them alone. Luke stared at where Han had disappeared. "So, are we going to dance? Or are you going to spend the rest of the night staring?" a musical voice interrupting in his thoughts said. "Well?" With an effort, he looked at the dark-haired woman. "I . . ." he stammered. He took a calming breath, began again. "I apologize for my friend's behavior. He saw me looking at you, but I never actually talked about dancing with you." This was said with such emphatic honesty and openness that Jenna believed him. She smiled, making him sweat even more. Shrugging, she gestured at the other chair across from her. "It doesn't matter what happened. I'm not really in the mood for dancing, if you don't mind." "Me neither," he admitted, his nervousness dissipating a little. He smiled as he sat down. "Are you waiting for someone?" he asked conversationally. With an effort, she kept from staring at him. He somehow seemed familiar . . . Trying to appear casual, she nodded. "A friend." She jerked her head at the party. "Are you with them?" Luke laughed. "Unfortunately, yes." She laughed with him. He found himself being drawn into the dark depths of her eyes, as if they were twin dark-brown blackholes. He looked away, but the rest of her face captivated him. An errant strand of dark hair fell onto her face. Gently, he pushed it back behind her ear. She pulled away from him, when most of her was screaming not to. she wondered, An uncomfortable silence settled in between them. "Can I still take you up on that offer?" She asked suddenly. Luke looked up, startled, and smiled. "Sure," he answered. He rose, and offered her a hand. She smiled, taking it and rising as well. They walked onto the dance floor, a new song starting up. Jenna wrapped her arms around his waist, and laid her head on his shoulder. He smiled as he embraced her in return, moving to the music. "Be careful with my heart You could break it Don't take my love for granted Things could change Sometimes I go insane I played the fool and you'll agree I'll never be the same Without you here with me _

_ Cuidado (please be careful) con mi corazon Mi siento algo desnuda Cuidado (please be careful) es mi corazon Mi corazon" _

_ There was something magical in air, so tangible she could almost reach out and touch it. She glanced up and met the man's light blue eyes. _ she marveled, She reached out and pushed back some of his hair. He gave a start, but smiled when he saw her hand returning to its position on his shoulder. As ice-blue as his eyes were, they were so warm they could have melted Hoth. "Be careful with my heart You

could break it Don't take my love for granted Things could change
Sometimes I go insane I played the fool and you'll agree I'll never
be the same Without you here with me ____

____ Cuidado (please be careful) con mi corazon CariÃ±o no me lastimes
Cuidado (please be careful) es mi corazon Mi corazon" ____

____ Luke glanced down at the dark-haired woman resting her head on his
shoulder. She was so beautiful, he couldn't believe she had deigned
to dance with him. Her dark hair hid part of her face, making her
appearance seem as mysterious as she was. _ he resolved. His smile
grew. "If I could reach out to you Nothing will stop me Take your
head in my hands Tell me what would you do Kiss your eyes, sing you
to sleep Your voice sounds like a lullaby Here's my heart, this time
to keep Here's my heart to keep" ____

____ Jenna's awareness of everyone else slowly shrank until it only
encompassed her and Luke. The part of her that was the cold, wary
intelligence agent warned of watching for possible threats, but it
was ignored in the rush of emotions she felt as her lips slowly
reached out for Luke's. The agent part intervened and brought up a
memory of couple of days ago. She pushed away from him, staring at
him in such horror his mouth dropped open in surprise. she screamed
in her mind. _ She stumbled back, numb, nearly losing her footing. "I
. . . I have to go," she mumbled, turning her back to him and running
out of the cafe. "Wait!" he shouted, knowing that nothing would bring
her back. The horror he had sensed through the Force in her was so
overwhelming, he might as well have been exposed to the Death Seed
plague. He ran out after her, half-listening to the new song that
came on. ____

____ "Met you underneath the moon Night was over much too soon We
shared a kiss 'till daylight came And kissed the night goodbye When
the sun came up that day We smiled and went our separate ways But I
can't leave the thought of you behind ____

____ Oh, you stay with me You stay with me Oh, in my heart And on my
mind Oh, like a melody that keeps haunting me Oh, you stay ____

____ I look inside the small cafes And hope by chance I'll see your
face I hear your voice and realize It's just the summer wind
Something in your eyes that night Swept away this heart of mine Now I
just want you in my arms again ____

____ How was I to know in that one night My whole life would change
From the moment I looked in your eyes I've never been the same And if
I could have one chance to have that Moment back again I'd never let
it end I'd never let it end" ____

____ Luke ran out into the street, but there was absolutely no sign of
her. A soft breeze ruffled his hair, the few scattered lamps on the
street providing little illumination. He pounded his fist on the
durasteel wall, letting out a despairing sigh. he wondered. He
glanced around one more time, knowing how futile a search would be.
He leaned against the wall, staring at the dark that had swallowed
his love as surely as a Rancor swallows its food. Luke sighed again,
but didn't move from where he was. Jenna watched him from the
darkness of the alley she had hidden in. She saw him looking around,
saw the utter hopelessness on his face. Her heart went out to him,
but she knew she could not be with him in the way he wanted. "I'm so

sorry," she whispered, though he could no hear. "I'm sorry. I love you, but I can't stay with you." With one last, longing look at Luke, she turned, hesitated, then blew a kiss to Luke. "Good-bye, my love," she said softly. Luke knew none of what she said, but suddenly felt something through the Force, a sort of final farewell message. Han came out, saw the look on Luke's face, saying nothing as he pulled the younger man back into the cafe. Luke called back to Jenna through the Force. Dimly, he could hear people complaining about the latest song on. "It's not my fault," the DJ said. "Something's wrong with the stereo. It just started playing this song when I punched in the latest song by the Modal Nodes." "I met a girl at the carnival in Rio di Janeiro We danced all night on the boulevard In doorways we did the tango ____

____ I miss her lips And the way she sashayed her hips As she shook her shoulders I miss the smell of her hair I don't care if it takes my whole life to find her ____

____ We were dancing in the summer rain We were dancing through the night She never said her real name So I called her Spanish Eyes Spanish Eyes . . . ____

____ The sun came up And the girl was gone Her masquerade was over I searched the streets Drunk with love But no one seemed to know her ____

____ I miss the touch Of her body so much I long for the warmth inside her Somewhere in time she will come back to me And I'll spend my whole life beside her" ____

____ Han touched Luke's shoulder. "You okay?" he asked, a tone of worry in his voice he would never admit to later. "You look pretty morose." Luke smiled bitterly. "I'll be fine," he answered neutrally. Han nodded and left him. _ he vowed. ____

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End
file.